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# BOOKS & AUTHORS

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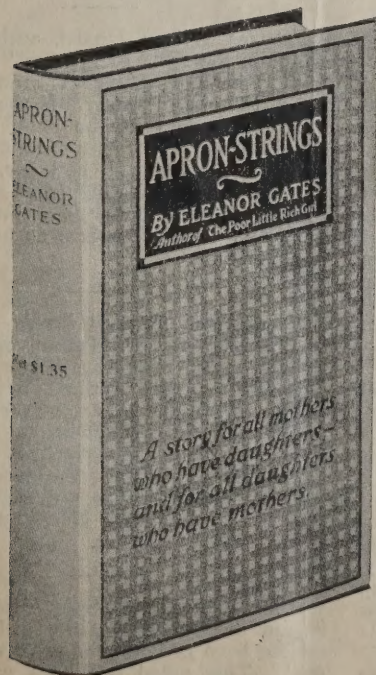
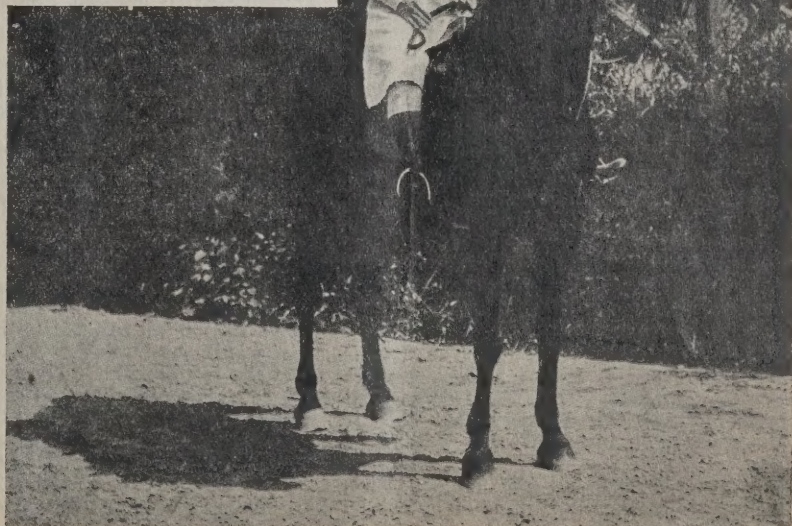
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WHEN ELEANOR GATES isn't writing she is riding. For her interest in horses is as keen as her interest in her chosen profession. Some years ago, she introduced into California a string of pure-blooded Arabians, in order to improve the native horse of the Far West, known as the mustang. On this page, Miss Gates is shown with one of these Western mounts, her bronco, "Bobby Rabbit." Nearly every afternoon, the playwright and her high-spirited little saddler may be seen on the bridle-paths of Central Park, New York.

Miss Gates divides her time between playwrighting and novel-writing; a new book by her entitled "Apron-Strings" has just been published. Her "The Poor Little Rich Girl" sold over one hundred thousand copies. "Apron-Strings" is said to have a theme never before touched upon by an American writer. It is described as "a story for all mothers who have daughters—and for all daughters who have mothers."

Miss Gates is now busy with a dramatization of the book, and it will have a stage production in the near future.





## Captain Kidd and the Prussians

A new story of how the Prussians once aided and abetted Captain Kidd, the most famous of all pirates, has been discovered in the archives of Denmark, by Waldemar Westergaard, and is told in his recently published book, "The Danish West Indies."

In the two-century old diary by Governor Lorentz, of the Danish West Indies, Dr. Westergaard found an entry recording that on "Maundy Thursday" of 1699, there appeared before St. Thomas Harbor the "Quidah Merchant," a Genoa vessel of four hundred tons, thirty guns and eighty men, in which Captain Kidd had just sailed from Madagascar. The pirate chief declared that his men had "compelled him to seize this ship from the Moors in the East Indies." He sought leave to enter the harbor and asked protection from any chance English royal ships.

But the honest Danes refused asylum to the sea rover, so Captain Kidd sailed away to Hispaniola in his leaky vessel. There he disposed of his spoils to traders from various West Indian Islands.

Great was the consternation of the Danes when it developed that the Brandenburg Trading Company (established by the Hohenzollerns, who then ruled Prussia) had received into the warehouses at St. Thomas from Captain Kidd's ship "a deal of sea robbers' goods, of pockwood, cotton and money." An Irish slave trader named William Burke testified that he, himself, had paid Captain Kidd twelve thousand pieces-of-eight for a portion of Kidd's booty. It is suspected that Burke was only a go-between for the Germans, for Van Belle, in charge of the Brandenburg establishment, was fined five thousand rix-dollars. Eventually the pirate booty in question was sent away on a Brandenburg ship, but a Danish councillor was sent to England with documents to prove where the responsibility really lay, as the Danes wished no embroilment with the English.

Dr. Westergaard's history is the first that has ever been written of these islands from primary sources. It is especially timely in view of the recent purchase of the group by this country. Those over which the United States flag has been raised are three in number, St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix. Altogether their area is, as Dr. Westergaard explains, equivalent to about three and one-half townships, or a trifle over one hundred and thirty-two square miles. The harbor of St. Thomas is declared by Admiral Mahon to deserve paramount consideration in the general study of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and it promises great possibilities of development as a coaling and naval station, invaluable to the United States.

"Spirit Intercourse," by J. Hewat McKenzie (Kennerley) tells all about what happens to us after we are dead, in a very certain, and at times, disconcerting manner. For instance, we are informed that the Seventh Sphere, is the Christ sphere, 18,250 miles from earth. "Here there are to be found neither (spirit) birds, beasts, fish, flowers, trees, nor grass. The foundation of the sphere is no longer composed of earth, but is crystalline in nature. Here one finds the streets of gold and buildings of jasper, so long sung about. It is so dazzling in brightness, and has an atmosphere so rarefied, that long years must elapse before man's soul is fitted to dwell there." Maybe so. A very creepy book if you are not on intimate terms with dead folk.

"Calvary Alley," by Alice Hegan Rice, illustrated by Walter Biggs, is issued by the Century Company.

## CLIMAX AND CRASH

### ARE DUE IN GERMANY

To what extent blundering can be carried, George Saunders showed us way back in 1914 in his "Builder and Blunderer." Now, in his "Germany, the Next Republic?" Mr. Ackerman has piled up additional evidence proving Germany's right to the prize for being the biggest blunderer on earth.

Mr. Ackerman, who has been spending a part of his summer at New Hope, Pennsylvania, recently spent a day in New York, at which time he made the following statement:

"Germany today is experiencing her greatest internal eruption since the beginning of the war. The fight which has been going on between the diplomats, the Liberals and the Socialists on the one hand, and the army and navy on the other, came to a head and apparently the Militarists won out. This means that Military leaders are determined to 'rule or ruin' Germany."

"In my book, 'Germany, the Next Republic?' I stated that for Germany this year it was 'Win or lose, but end the war.' The Military leaders of Germany realize that they cannot survive if there is a compromise and they have taken hold of Germany now in a final effort to win and end the war. It is a gambler's chance. The last chance. If they lose—and I am sure they will if the United States and the Allies refuse to talk peace with the present government—then a reformed Germany is inevitable."

"The present crisis is the last act before the climax and the crash."

## Wasted on Languages

According to Dr. David Snedden of Columbia University, between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000 is spent in the teaching of French and German in the High Schools of the United States every year. Dr. Snedden declares that much of it falls into disuse, few of the students being able to read or speak a line of French or German after five or ten years. Dr. Snedden would not eliminate French and German from the curriculum, but believes that fewer pupils should study foreign languages.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, who recently returned from The Hague, says of "The Will to Freedom" (Scribner's), by Rev. John Neville Figgis: "It throws much light upon the causes which have really produced the present war. I have felt from the beginning that the war, both in its existence and in its conduct, is a psychological phenomenon. Nietzsche may have been an anti-Prussian; but his thinking and his writing have done much to produce that modern monster known as the German *Kultur* which is now bathing the world in blood in order to realize its insane dream of the 'Blond Beast' enthroned in the place of God."

"Jap Herron" is described as a "novel written from the ouija board." It purports to be the dictated tale of no less a personage than the late Mark Twain. If it is indeed the work of Mr. Clemens, it cannot be said to represent that great artist's best endeavors. But its introduction will not fail to interest those who find the occult fascinating. Which is to say, that the introduction, "The Coming of Jap Herron," will interest all readers. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Bruce Barton, editor of *Every Week*, has gathered his snappy editorials between cloth covers and offers them under the title "More Power to You."

## High Quality, Low Price

BOOKS AND AUTHORS is in favor of books that cost the public less; for the reason that one of this periodical's objects is to encourage the average person to buy books. There is happiness, comradeship and ever renewing youth and enthusiasm for each human being who possesses his own library, even if it consists of six little volumes carried around in a salesman's grip. There comes to mind now the case of a man who "traveled" for a cutlery concern, he was never without his limp leather pocket size, Browning, a volume of Herbert Spencer, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and Stevenson's "Treasure Island." He used to say, "With these friends at hand I am always at home, no matter where I am." It interests us then to learn of the growing success of "The Modern Library" series issued in limp leather by Bone and Liveright and sold at sixty cents. The titles show that artistic merit has governed selection—the authors ranging from Kipling to Ibsen and from Howells to Dostoversky and including Swinburne, Chesterton and Wells, also W. S. Gilbert's "Mikado" and Dunsany's "A Dreamer's Tales." Among this firm's fall announcements and not offered at popular prices are a Russian novel "A Family of Noblemen," by Saltykov; "The Origin of Christianity," described as "an analysis of early Christianity as a labor movement corresponding to the socialist movement of today by Karl Katsky's, "The Path on the Rainbow," Indian poems edited by George Cronyn and a new edition of "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser.

Fanny Cannon's "Writing and Selling a Play," one of the very few books on the subject of playwrighting written from inside the theatre, is finding a wide demand among practical students of the drama. In bringing out the volume Henry Holt and Company have made available for budding playwrights a work that contains about every valuable hint that such an aspirant needs. Without doubt it will find its way into the hands of every would-be Pinero in the country. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50 net.

Frances Wilson Huard, author of "My Home in the Field of Honour" (Doran), is said to be a daughter of Francis Wilson, the distinguished player. If the rumor is a fact, all readers of the book will find it easy to make the introduction just the other way about and hail Mr. Wilson as the father of the distinguished author, Mrs. Huard. For her story is as fine and gripping a piece of literature as has appeared in some time.

"Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies," by Charles G. Mutzenberg, is a brief review of the clan wars between the Hatfield-McCoy gangs, the Tolliver-Martin-Logan tribes, and others of their ilk. It is a book to be taken out behind the barn by the youth who has reached the Indian-killing stage. But for the average reader, it is as entertaining as a detective story of the vintage of '88. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co., \$1.25 net.

Alice Brown's "Bromley Neighborhood" is now in its fourth edition, a large reprint having been ordered the third week in August. This novel has been well received by the critics and public alike and is duplicating the success of Miss Brown's book of last year, "The Prisoner."



# THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN OUR LITERATURE

By George W. Cronyn

MY acquaintance with the Indian, apart from J. F. Cooper's works, museums, and circuses, began one winter day in New Mexico—one of those intensely vivid and brilliant days characteristic of our high western plateaus at that season. Three young bucks, arrayed in their utmost finery and mounted on loping broncos, passed me, riding into the red light of a setting sun with their faces set toward Taos, that remarkable citadel of the Vanishing Race. There was no trace of the White Man in their whole make-up, from the dyed Eagle feathers of their crowns to the unshod hoofs of their wiry mounts. As they rode their various ornaments glittered and jingled in the clear air and bits of color flashed out, dull blue, ochre, and scarlet. They rode silently and easily, their gaze fixed, unwinking, upon the blue, jagged line of peaks, sharply outlined against the almost unbearable splendor of the West, where, in a mountainous nest, the ancient abode of their people stood unchanged as it had for centuries, untouched by progress and uncontaminated by civilization. They had come from the railroad station and the hoofbeats of their horses clattered on the hard, broad, linear highway; then they reached the outskirts of town and took a wagon road across the prairie. I saw them dip into a hollow or arroya, that ran like a great scar across the landscape until it vanished among the mesas far south. It was the Santa Fe Trail, the trail of the Spanish Conquerors into Mexico, and of the Forty-Niners and countless others after that. They left the Trail at length, and struck out over the open prairie on some trail of their own, and I knew that soon they would be crossing the Cimarron and mounting toward the summits where the Iron Horse is no longer audible.

Several years later I came upon another cavalcade, this time in the interior of British Columbia, not many miles from Fort George. There were several bucks, squaws, boys, girls and papooses, the latter strapped high on the laden ponies, the squaws trudging beside their mounted lords, bearing heavy burdens. I followed them into a miniature village, not of tepees but of dog cabins indescribably tiny, where a horde of youngsters romped, chattering and shouting, as all children do. This life, with its color, and its laws so ruthlessly abrogated by the conquerors seemed to me strangely exotic, and fascinating. In Oregon I saw much of the Indians when they came to the berry-picking in the early summer. I watched the squaws bending all day over the long rows of strawberries, their papooses strapped to their backs or laid in carrying baskets under a tree. Like birds of bright plumage they moved across the fields or passed beneath the dark firs. Occasionally I observed the men whom we can no longer call warriors paddling their curious long canoes on the Columbia, or saw them fishing for salmon at some remote ripple under the shadow of the cloudy heights along the river. These figures haunted my mind, as they have haunted and perplexed others of a hostile culture for generations.

A year's work in design under Professor Dow, of Teachers' College, opened my eyes to the variety, extent and beauty of Indian art. Too high praise cannot be given this noted educator for his efforts in behalf of our native art. Largely through his enthusiasm the study of Indian design has come to be considered as fundamental as that of the classical modes. At length a Master's thesis led me to make an investigation

of literature relating to our frontiers, and indirectly, brought me to the culture of our native races. Nothing in the history of American literature is more curious than the gradual development of the White Man's conception of the Red. Until very recently this was uniformly and mischievously erroneous. He was pictured as the great exemplar of Rousseau's theories, the Ideal Simple Savage, devoted to a life of irresponsible freedom; as the fiend in human form, by the Puritans; as a besotted brute, given to devil worship; and then there was the popular hero of the Cooper novels, who has been accepted ever since as a genuine portrait. "Hiawatha," with its mixture of unsound sources and poetic idealization, gave a permanent stamp to this misconception of the Indian that a generation of scientific investigation has by no means erased, and resulted in a vague, demoralizing craze for "Indian stuff," the reaction from which we still experience. Indian legends, "adapted," appeared voluminously, and even what purported to be translations of Indian songs, in suspiciously regular rhymed English metres.

In this welter of Romanticism two men appeared with a genuine respect for the Indian as he existed, not as the White Man supposed he ought to be; these were Catlin, the artist, and H. H. Schoolcraft. How-

ever inaccurate in certain details, they laid the foundation for that exhaustive study of the subject, which, during the last quarter of a century has engaged the attention of the Bureau of Ethnology, of the Smithsonian Institution. Amazing as these later discoveries have been it is still more amazing that they have lain so long buried in official reports. Frank Cushing exhumed the great epic of the Zuñi; Alice Fletcher transcribed one of the most profoundly moving and highly structurized rituals in any language, the Hako Pawnee ceremony; Washington Matthews recorded the richly poetic Night Chant of the Navajo, and Mrs. Converse treated the Ritual of Darkness of the Iroquois. None of these has been reprinted from the original reports.

The "Indian Number" of Poetry magazine, which recently appeared, contained the largest collection of poems close to the Indian mode hitherto published, and its editor took occasion to comment on the need of an adequate anthology. Vers Libre had, to a considerable extent, broken ground for an appreciation of even more primitive poetry, and the liberal attitude of the publishers, Messrs. Boni and Liveright, made possible this volume of translations and interpretations which I have named—from the Navajo—"The Path on the Rainbow."

Books scheduled for fall publication include the following: "Divers Proverbs," compiled, methodically digested, and explicated by Nathan Bailey, with equivalents in the Original Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian Tongues. Illustrated with woodcuts by Allen Lewis; "The Undying Spirit of France" (*Les Traits Eternels de la France*). By Maurice Barrés. An address delivered before the British Academy, translated by Margaret W. B. Corwin; "The Burglar of the Zodiac, and Other Poems," by William Rose Benét; "The Greek Genius and Its Influence," select essays and extracts. Edited, with an introduction, by Lane Cooper, Ph.D., professor of the English language and literature, Cornell University; "The Broom Fairies and Other Stories," by Ethel M. Gate; "Beggar and King," by Richard Butler Glaenger; "The History of Legislative Methods in the Period Before 1825," by Ralph V. Harlow, Ph.D., instructor in history, Simmons College; "The Tragedy of Tragedies," by Henry Fielding. Edited, with an introduction, by James T. Hillhouse, Ph.D., instructor in rhetoric, University of Minnesota.

"A part of the price to be paid by Germany after the war, and a part that must burden the German people for many a long year to come, no matter what the terms of peace may be, will be exacted by the existence of books in which the country and its inhabitants are presented for the observation and judgment of the world," says the *New York Times*, editorially; after which it mentions Alice Cholmondeley's "Christine" as one of the two volumes recently appearing, "the probable permanence of which may well cause German apprehension." "In this volume," *The Times* continues, "there is almost as much laughing at the Berliners as of frowning at them, and the book will be, for that very reason, the more painful reading for those whom it describes and for their friends, if they have any. In 'Christine,' too, charity is carried so far as to credit one Junker officer with the power to see Germany as

others see it, but even he in the end yields as docilely as the rest to the universal regimentation, and makes no protest when his English sweetheart is insulted by his superior officer and allows her to be harrowed to her death, as she tries, without any aid from him, to escape to Switzerland."

The experiences of an American girl abroad, under the title of "New Footprints in Old Places," will make one of the principal books on the fall list of Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco. The author, Pauline Stiles, traveled under favorable auspices, with entree to the studios of celebrated sculptors and painters, of Rome, with leisure to hear the big musical events, and with the time for outings and picnics, frequently accompanied by humorous experiences. The tour ended in the excitement of the opening of the great war. The book will be liberally illustrated from photographs taken by the author on her trip.

## Bob White! Wheat's Ripe!

When May's sweet flowers, and happy hours,  
Have melted into June;  
And o'er the hills the farmer trills  
His happy harvest tune;  
Then pure and clear, and sweet, we hear:  
"Bob White, wheat's ripe!  
Bob White, wheat's ripe!"

The sun sails high, and crisp and dry  
The meadow grasses grow;  
Ripe waving wheat, for barns is meet,  
And this is why we know—  
For sweet, and clear, and pure, we hear:  
"Bob White, wheat's ripe!  
Bob White, wheat's ripe!"

—From Song and Sabre, by W. Thornton Whitsett.

"American Adventures," by Julian Street, illustrated by Wallace Morgan, is a successor to his popular volume, "Abroad at Home."



## A CHAT WITH CONSTANCE SKINNER

The Author of "Good Morning, Rosamond" Talks of Books, Plays and Human Nature as It Is

By Eleanor Gates

THOSE of us who write for both our pleasure and our livelihood are always eager to catch a new note and delighted when we hear it. Life—all life, that is, actual everyday life in all its phases, and also the enchanted life of the imagination—is our material; and our inspiration is the urge to present it, in literary form, for the public's delectation.

It is time that writers—and publishers and reviewers, too—realized that there is a great new public here today demanding that its claims be granted and its tastes catered to—the public of Youth. The writers of a past age wrote chiefly for maturity. Mothers and fathers did the reading and selected what they thought fit for their young folk. Their régime passed in America when these States began to be dotted with co-ed colleges and public libraries. Today the Young are their own literary arbiters. They know what they want. They seek and find it.

Instead of mother's "Here is a book you may read," which used to decide the family reading, we hear the young people say "Mother, this book is *just fine!* You ought to read it. Shall I keep it from the library another day for you?" And the books that Youth thinks "just fine" are helping to reshape family life into comradeship, are helping to divest age of some of its disillusion and cares and are giving healthful little shakes to its set standpoints. This is Youth's day, with its optimism, its romance and its glamor. Let us recognize it and be glad of it.

If I was not expecting Constance Skinner's first novel to be addressed to the joyous spirit of Youth, I am nevertheless glad that it is. I was not expecting it, because I had known her work of old as one of the keenest and most sympathetic dramatic critics who have written of the theatre for newspapers and magazines, and because of her serious handling of the love-problem in a number of short stories and because of the poignant note in her Indian poems—poems which have a special appeal for me, perhaps, as a prairie-woman in touch with life in the primitive and steeped in Indian lore.

In "Good-Morning, Rosamond" Miss Skinner has propounded no problem more serious (perhaps there is none more serious) than how shall Young Desire find its love and keep it? The novel, like its title, is a cheery greeting to rosy Youth in the terms of pure romance—not romance of the "costume periods," but romance of Now.

We had been discussing this question of the new public, the public of the Young, when Miss Skinner said:

"I suppose if you had asked me in so many words the usual Interviewer's First Question, namely, 'How did you come to write your novel?' I might not have had an answer ready, because I think you'll agree that a writer does not start out usually with a motive and a reason, but with an impulse and a story. The inception is in a feeling, a mood. If you enjoy the mood and linger in it, it suggests a story; and then your characters arrive by ones and twos and take possession. After that," laughingly, "your business is to set down truthfully what they say and do. My characters always boss me completely. Could you make 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' do anything she didn't want to do?

Of course not. Her snakey old governess could, but *you* couldn't!

"Seriously though, I think you have given me the reason for 'Good-Morning, Rosamond' in what you have just said about the demand of young people for young stories—stories that reflect their own dreams, that show Youth triumphant. That is not the less true in 'Rosamond's' case because the story was some time in reaching the form in which it is published. The idea was written down first as the germ of a play. That was in my newspaper days when I was too rushed with the day's work to concentrate on a play or a novel of my own. Later I got at it and made a three-act comedy of it."

"Oh, then the play isn't a dramatization of the book?"

"No. It's the other way round. I think a play can always be made into readable fiction, but a novel cannot always be made into a play. We used to think of novels and plays as two literary forms very far separated from each other; but I think that was because so many popular books did not 'act' when brought to the boards. It was found that stories which had held the reader lacked suspense in the theatre, and that characters they loved in print became shadowy and tenuous behind the glare of stage lights. Dialogue so agreeable to peruse did not speak to the ear with darting directness; it did not express acutely not only the thought behind the particular lines but also the general mental make-up of the character speaking.

"But I believe the relationship between novels and plays will be closer as both arts develop, especially in America; because drama—the art that *lives* out its theme in action to both eye and ear—is affecting all its sister arts today as never before. It is having its influence on the reading public too, through the play departments of the public libraries. I have really looked into this and had the figures from several libraries. It is amazing, the close run the printed play keeps up behind the novel—not only plays that have been staged in America, but foreign plays that possibly may never be staged here. The vividness which the dramatic form demands is there in the printed play—though the reader doesn't get it in its *full* measure, of course—and it is influencing his taste.

"Poetry has had such a wonderful 'fillip' here in the last four years. How can drama lag behind long when they are so close in their demand for symmetry, clarity, vividness? Both are bound to affect the novel. Drama will sharpen and deepen characterization, make all dialogue living speech and so closely associate psychology and plot that the persons of the story will be so identified with their environment that you won't be able to imagine them out of their setting, or to believe that their locale must not inevitably have produced just such persons. The influence of poetry will bring back style and melody to prose-writing and eliminate the ugly, the slovenly, and the incorrect use of the rich and varied language we have, fortunately, as our inheritance."

"Yes," I agreed. "For Youth is not poring over its college and library books for nothing. I think the era of slang and the slang-story is on the wane."

"I caught very happy glimpses of Youth enjoying 'Good-Morning Rosamond' in both Detroit and Buffalo where Miss Jessie Bonstelle gave the play its first production.

The houses were always good—both evening and matinees—so we're hoping! The theme of Youth romancing caught Miss Bonstelle and after seeing how she emphasized it all through the production I put it more prominently into the book. I am grateful to my play for having brought me into touch with a very unusual woman, as well as with a theatrical producer."

"We shall have women in the larger field of theatrical production before long," I said. "Miss Horniman and Gertrude Kingston have done it successfully in England; and women are doing it in some of the stock theatres and the new Little Theatres in America, and doing it well, too."

"Women make up most of the audiences and the majority of the readers, and they are doing a great deal of the writing. They are in all the editorial offices of the magazines. Efficiency, not sex, is what we need to emphasize. The pioneer spirit always recognizes equality. In the West women have never been barred from certain departments of the art world, or journalism, because of sex. And the war will finish the lingering prejudices, on this subject, in the Eastern states. They can't lag behind Russia on the woman question! And what about triumphant Youth? It isn't only masculine!"

"Tell me, has Rosamond a prototype other than the spirit of romance? Is there a real village of Roseborough?"

"No one posed for Rosamond. But I have sojourned in at least five Roseboroughs. One Roseborough was a small, well-to-do, sleepy and very aristocratic hamlet in Canada, where 'Society' was mid-Victorian and the 'others' were farmers. If you wanted to know anyone's place in the social scale, all you had to do was to observe the tinge of hauteur or effusion with which the Madam Snob of the community colored her greeting. A patronizing nod to the doctor's wife (he had 'married beneath him'), a cordial one to the Vicar's, a gush of effusion to the Major's (who was 'the honorable' by birth) and so on. You couldn't have placed any one socially by 'the honorable' greeting; for *she* was gracious to all. These two may have suggested the 'Mrs. Witherby' and 'Mrs. Lee' of the Roseborough of my book. Then there is always a 'Mabel Crewe,' the poor relation who is put upon by everyone; and a 'Wilton Howard,' the useless young gentleman with expensive tastes, and the secret heart-breaking love-affair that can never come to anything because the village social dictators wouldn't countenance it."

"And in every Roseborough there is the same conflict between maturity, with its narrow views, and Youth a-clamor for romance and a larger life. There is the sweetness of family life and of leisurely peaceful pursuits and there is the type of mind that sees only the worst in whatever it doesn't understand. Also, you'll find often the black sheep of Roseborough who ran away from the narrowness and roamed the world of cities and came back because the sweetness and loveliness of the little village became dear to him in memory, and perhaps too because he found that human nature in the cities is not so vastly different. I have known two Indiana Roseboroughs, and one in Pennsylvania and one in California, and I am sure there were several young rebellious Rosamonds in each of them."

"But did you find the returned artist in any of them?"

"Yes; in two! In one he was a composer whose songs are sung by all noted

(Continued on page 5.)



# "THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY"

By Barrett H. Clark

Paul Claudel is one of the most interesting figures in contemporary French literature. He is a poet of genius, a prose writer of indubitable power, clarity, and charm, and a writer of works cast into the semblance of plays. He is the recognized leader of movements and schools in his own land, and something of a fetish among certain groups abroad in English-speaking countries. His numerous works have begun to be translated into English. From among the limited circle of his admirers and disciples in France we have many brochures and articles devoted to his poetry; in America, however, I know of a bare half-dozen references to him. To write of his poetry requires comparatively little knowledge, but to discuss his plays, at length, a degree of temerity to which I cannot yet lay claim. A criticism of *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, now translated as *The Tidings Brought to Mary*, as poetry, is not difficult; as a play, it is a different matter. To dismiss Claudel as an unsuccessful playwright, or no playwright at all, is hardly fair. I should like to see his most characteristic efforts receive adequate attention at the hands of our best producers before passing sentence upon him. Meanwhile, we may at least try to judge the plays from the printed text.

The plays are difficult reading: the words are strange, the idiom peculiar, the motivation curiously mixed. Claudel has no sense of the theater. It is, of course, no crime to conceive a dramatic idea in a different fashion from that of Sardou, but I refer to dramatic instinct pure and simple. There are scenes in certain of his plays that would require nearly two hours in the performance; there are horrors unspeakable described in the stage-directions; speeches of inordinate length; stage-business impossible to act. In the second version of *Tête d'Or* a woman is bound to a tree, suffocated, and tortured; she speaks a page of beautiful French, which is followed by this description: "A long pause, which is felt to last for several hours, during which the stage remains empty."

In general, Claudel cannot tell a story. *Tête d'Or* and *La Jeune fille Violaine* can be followed only with the utmost effort on the part of the reader. It seems that the moment any sort of plot begins, the characters stop the last semblance of development and reveal soul-states in the most lavish and gorgeous rhetorical language. But Claudel is not primarily interested in plot, nor even in the logical development of character; it is his first task to envelop his story and his characters in a lyric atmosphere. It is not enough to add an element of lyricism to a play, the work itself must be a lyric. Granted, then, that Claudel's plays are more lyrical than dramatic—which practically amounts to saying that they are not plays at all, in the conventional sense of the word—is there a place for them in our theater?

Now, it is pretty well established that no play lives unless it is a literature, and yet no play is successful unless it is dramatic. It is not so easy to account for this as it may seem, and it is a fact that most of the world's dramatic masterpieces are masterpieces of literature, but it is no less true that literature alone has never made a good play. Claudel's plays are certainly literature, but they are not in the accepted sense of the word dramatic. It may be that we are evolving toward a lyric drama, in which character and action shall assume a minor role, and in which the lyric element will supply an inner emotion which until

now we have sought in the spectacle of human beings struggling with themselves and the universe. True it is that Claudel's language is uplifting, invigorating, inspiring, and many a scene is rendered almost dramatic by an emotion born of the joy of sheer poetry, but if the plays were put upon the stage I cannot help feeling that the presence of flesh-and-blood actors, granted even that they could speak verse—which they cannot—would bring home to us the futility of trying to vitalize and visualize the subtle beauties of poetry. In an article by the poet in which he tells how his plays should be acted, he says: "Often-times what moves us most in acting is not so much what the actor says as what we feel he is going to say." This implicit emotion, this subtle suggestion of the unspoken, the unseen, the unknown, is much more effective in the read than in the acted play. Until the theater has ceased to be a place of amusement—as it ought to be in the broadest sense of the word—the drama of pure lyricism had better be confined to the library. The reader will enjoy the poetry of Paul Claudel, its grandeur and sweep, its profundity, its mysticism, and dream of what a marvelous play "The Tidings Brought to Mary" might make under ideally impossible circumstances, but he will not go to see it acted. It is heavy with the atmosphere of the late Middle Ages, it breathes the fresh odor of new-mown hay; it brings to us again the *douce France* of Jeanne d'Arc; it tells a beautiful story—during intervals of lyric flights—but is not dramatic. Louise Morgan Sill has accomplished a difficult task surprisingly well. Claudel's language is impossible to translate, but in the present version we have as close an approximation as we have right to expect from any one but an English Claudel.

"The Tidings Brought to Mary," a mystery, by Paul Claudel, translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill. New Haven, Yale University Press. \$1.50.

## SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT THIS BOOK

It is cruelty to animals to send a New York reviewer of books a copy of "Lake and Stream Fishing," by Dixie Carroll, editor of the *National Sportsman*, president of American Anglers League and fishing editor of the *Chicago Herald*. That is what Stewart & Kidd of Cincinnati did, and something ought to be done about it. Such books should be kept in the country where a man can go and dig up a fish pole and wheedle a strip of pork away from Aunt Julia.

It is a terrible book. It tells all about fresh-water game fish, and the tackle necessary to catch them, and how to use the tackle. There are some questions and answers. We object decidedly to reading such things as this in a New York apartment or an editorial office on the twelfth floor:

Question. How far will a bass carry a live bait before swallowing it?—B. G. K.

Answer. There is no set rule to go by; they may take the bait and run off 10 to 15 yards, and again they may make it 75 or a hundred. Let them have the line after they strike, then all you do is wait till they stop to gorge the minnow, before striking.

If that isn't assault and battery on a man who spent his early days barefooted on a lake edge and hasn't been fishing for ten years, we would like to know what is. Dixie Carroll ought to know better, and Stewart & Kidd should refuse to publish such a book unless it can be kept away from men who live in big cities.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, author of "The Flaming Sword in Serbia and Elsewhere," is bitterly opposed to militarism and to war. She is firmly convinced that peace will come only through the efforts of woman. She was the pioneer woman to establish and conduct a field hospital in war. The preface of her book is an earnest plea to women to realize their duty in connection with the present world crisis.

## A Chat With Constance Skinner

(Continued from page 4.)

singers, here and abroad. In the other, he was a painter who had lived in Paris and made a bit of a name, too. He had come home to persuade his village kindred to let him decorate their schools and town hall—brought his art home to help the little town that once failed to understand him. Isn't that beautiful? It is in line with the doctrine of our poet nomad, Vachel Lindsay, who was singing for all the mid-west Roseboroughs before the city publishers found him out. That too was Youth Romantic and Youth Triumphant wasn't it—the return to make beautiful the place where it first dreamed?

"Where did you first dream?"

"In a little fur-trading post in northern British Columbia, five or six hundred miles from civilization—one of the most beautiful spots in a Province world-noted for its natural beauties. Life was good for one, there. It was simple and rugged and kindly, like the people. That was a unique little village, if you like, for there wasn't a gossip in it. Women were very few and very precious. There were too many old trappers and miners about—men who spent so much of their lives in loneliness that any human circle was dear to them—to make any one who expressed unkindness popular. Womanhood was really rever-

enced there. Women went alone all over that country and were never molested. To a northerner like myself, who really knows that country and its types, the usual magazine story of the Canadian Northwest is a very irritating affair. It takes more than a dogsledding trip across the Wild to fit a writer to depict that country and its peoples. It is utterly false to write of the Man of the North as if his thoughts and need of woman were expressed in the acts of a city 'rounder' or an apache of the slums. However, he is not the only man misrepresented in current fiction. If I were to believe that real men resemble the creatures served up as types of masculinity in most short stories and serials, I would think this war a special blessing. The fewer of them left the better! On the contrary one of the greatest services the war is doing for literature is in unmasking the sham that passes for a man in most fiction and plays. As a revelation of masculine nature I recommend Ian Hay's 'The First Hundred Thousand.' It's worth more than any dozen fiction works I can recall just now. Surely the true histories of manhood this war is giving us will force out of print the leering dress-suited and buckskin-shirted sybarite, and the accompanying illustrations of him!"



## CRANE'S "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE"

THE death of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" at Badenweiler, Baden, on June 5, 1900, took from contemporary literature an original and striking figure whose force and insight remain exemplified in his best work as qualities all too rare.

His was one of the many cases of a genius which is inexplicable on no apparent grounds of heredity or environment. The first Stephen Crane came to Massachusetts from England in 1635. The third of the name settled in New Jersey, near Newark, and held high office at the time of the Revolution.

The family was one of force, and the work of the members was done well in politics, in war, and in the ministry, but there was apparently no distinctly literary influence within the family itself, save such as may have been incidental to the profession of the Rev. J. T. Crane, the father of the novelist.

Stephen Crane was born on November 1, 1871, at 14 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J. He spent some time at Syracuse University, and also at Lafayette College, but without completing the course at either institution. Some years ago he gave to a representative of *Leslie's Weekly* the following picture of his earlier years:

"I can't do any sort of work that I don't like or don't feel like doing," said Mr. Crane, "and I've given up trying to do it. When I was at school few of my studies interested me, and as a result I was a bad scholar. They used to say at Syracuse University, where, by the way, I didn't finish the course, that I was cut out to be a professional baseball player. And the truth of the matter is that I went there more to play baseball than to study. I was always very fond of literature, though. I remember when I was eight years old I became very much interested in a child character called, I think, Little Goodie Brighteyes, and I wrote a story then which I called after this fascinating little person.

"When I was about sixteen I began to write for the New York newspapers, doing correspondence from Asbury Park and other places. Then I began to write special articles and short stories for the Sunday papers and one of the literary syndicates, reading a great deal in the meantime and gradually acquiring a style. I decided that the nearer a writer gets to life the greater he becomes as an artist, and most of my prose writings have been toward the goal partially described by that misunderstood and abused word, realism. Tolstoi is the writer I admire most of all.

"I've been a free lance during most of the time I have been doing literary work, writing stories and articles about anything under heaven that seemed to possess interest, and selling them wherever I could. It was hopeless work. Of all human lots for a person of sensibility that of an obscure free lance in literature or journalism is, I think, the most discouraging.

"It was during this period that I wrote 'The Red Badge of Courage.' It was an effort born of pain—despair, almost; and I believe that this made it a better piece of literature than it otherwise would have been. It seems a pity that art should be a child of pain, and yet I think it is. Of course, we have fine writers who are prosperous and contented, but in my opinion their work would be greater if this were not so. It lacks the sting it would have if written under the spur of a great need."

It was in December, 1894, that Mr. Crane came to the editorial office of D. Appleton

"The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane, appears in a new edition in a format convenient for the pocket, being published by Appleton, the original publisher. A powerful study of a private soldier in his first action in the Civil War, who learned to stand up under fire, this book comes out again as the young men of the nation are about to go under fire in the greatest war the world has ever known. Alongside the "fact" stories which have come from the trenches, this work holds its own; it is a triumph of literary art, in that Crane had not seen war when he wrote it; it is a triumph of human imagination, for it reveals the power of the human mind to create conditions which are true, and then adapt an imaginary person to those conditions and let him react to those conditions. That, of course, is what the literary artist is always trying to do; Stephen Crane accomplished the task splendidly and the measure of his genius stands out in this book. It is proof of the fact that great art remains great art even though years may pass. "The Red Badge of Courage" will always be war, as it appears to the man in the ranks—death and confusion and bravery and cowardice and a pit of noise and disaster full of thunderbolts. We reprint on this page the preface, which tells the history of the manuscript.

& Company, bringing two short stories as examples of the work which he was then doing for the newspapers. The impression made by the stories was so strong that Mr. Crane was asked if he had a story long enough for publication in book form. He replied hesitatingly that he had written one rather long story, which was appearing in a Philadelphia newspaper, and "some of the boys in the office seemed to like it."

He was asked to send the story at once, and presently there appeared a package of newspaper cuttings containing "The Red Badge of Courage," which was promptly accepted for publication. Owing to Mr. Crane's absence in the South and West, where he acted as correspondent for a newspaper syndicate, there was delay in the proofreading and the book was not issued until the autumn of 1895. It differed from the newspaper publication in containing much matter which had been cut out to meet journalistic requirements.

This story of a famous book is perhaps worth telling because of the multiplication of mythical narratives. It is not important to know how many newspaper syndicates declined the story, or how much it was cut down before it appeared in newspaper form, or how little serialization brought the author; nor is it possible to verify the tale that its origin was a challenge of an artist friend uttered in response to Mr. Crane's criticism of a battle story which he had just read.

Mr. Crane studied some books on the Civil War, and the battle which he had in mind was more than any other that of Chancellorsville. He talked with veterans, but he found it impossible to gain the insight which he desired in this way. He wished to "see war from within," and this he did.

As a psychological study, "The Red Badge" has a profound interest. It is the imagining of a young man who had never seen war. It is the analysis of a young recruit's soul which is as vivid and clear as the finest anatomical dissection and yet instinct with life and palpitating with emotion.

No one can read the book without marveling at the power of the author's imagination, at his success in placing himself in the

situation of another. From a different point of view the change of method which his work represents when compared with more conventional tales of war, finds a parallel in the change in battle painting. Thus David and Gros selected the commander and apotheosized him. Later painters selected an array of men, the collective soldier. Verestchagin has sought to place before us the individual. In literature there are two points of coincidence between the attitude of Tolstoi in "War and Peace" and the Sebastopol pictures, and the attitude of Mr. Crane.

There is resemblance, especially in the ignorance of the individual fighter, between the youths of the "Red Badge" and the private soldier of Zola's "Debauché," although Zola's greater painstaking does not make amends for his inferiority in imaginative quality.

Mr. Crane was promptly termed a "realist," but he is a realist of singular imaginative power. Whatever strictures may be passed upon his "Red Badge," it is only the possession of a force above and beyond simple realism which could cause jaded critics to marshal Kipling, Tolstoi, Zola, Prosper Mérimée, and a half a score of others, including a too little known American writer, Ambrose Bierce, in their search for comparisons and classification.

But "The Red Badge" lies before the reader, and it is for him to "read, mark and inwardly digest," while the purpose of this prelude is merely to tell the history of the lamented author. When "The Red Badge" was published in this country in October, 1895, the quality which it possessed was soon recognized by American critics, and only a short time had passed when the success of the book became certain. The point is worth noting, because there grew up a myth that "The Red Badge" was first published in England, or at least that it lay unnoticed here until revived by English plaudits. The fact is that, although the book was copyrighted in England when issued here, the English publisher delayed its publication until over two months after its American appearance. Before the book had been published in England it had been the subject of eulogistic reviews throughout the United States, and its reception by readers had dealt another blow to the adage of the unhonored prophet. Later, when it finally appeared in England, its reception was assuredly remarkable.

The first book written by Mr. Crane was "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," which was due largely to his observations as a reporter in New York. The book was written when he was twenty-one, and a small edition was manufactured for the author at a job printing office. The title page bore the assumed name—"Johnston Smith"—and the book was not actually published.

Mr. Crane's first personal experience of war was in Greece during the war with Turkey. His love of adventure led him to Florida and Cuba in the filibustering days which preceded our war with Spain, and one narrow escape is pictured in "The Open Boat." Mr. Crane also acted as a newspaper correspondent in the Spanish-American War, and his indifference to danger has been graphically described by some of his companions at Guantanamo. After the war he returned to England, and his home was at Oxted, in Surrey, until the ravages of consumption led his advisers to recommend a change, which, unhappily, proved ineffective . . . "R. H. June 8, 1900."



## A NEW ENGLANDER'S NEW ENGLAND NOVEL

By Babette Deutsch

Alice Brown's work is distinguished by a familiarity with New England which is bred only of living there. Living, moreover, in its intensest meaning, so that the blood of New Englanders and the soil of New England are woven into the very fibre of being. Only of such intimacy does such understanding grow. To read Miss Brown's novel is to be absorbed into this atmosphere of routine performance and dutiful behavior, Yankee neighborliness and Yankee bargaining.

But while her close knowledge is the secret of her power, it is also the key to weakness. Her hand is steeped in the dye in which it works. For her very sympathy with the circumscribed lives of her characters seems to debar her from appreciating a viewpoint alien to their own. The nearest approach to it is Larry, a kind of beloved vagabond, who fiddles and scribbles and gets periodically drunk in solemn and decent privacy. But even Larry is noble, and even Larry reforms.

In this latest volume, "Bromley Neighborhood" (Macmillan), Miss Brown deals with a small community, whose growing boys and girls play the important rôles. They are intelligible children, especially the central figure, Ellen Brock, with all her pitiful native repressions and aversions.

But toward the close of the book, when the tangle of adolescence begins to be clear to them, and they try to extricate themselves with that pity of maturity for youth's ignorant misery, the author's New England conscience steps in and condemns them to a penance that one fears will never be completed. The difficulty lies not in the fact that they accept their anomalous situation so serenely, but that the author thus accepts it.

One has a secret fear that when she reached page 400 or thereabouts she realized that unless she was planning a trilogy her pages were numbered, so she untwisted the threads with as little pain to everybody as a New England conscience allows, and with as little regard for passionate impulse likewise, and left the characters in her little history presumably happy some time after, if not forever.

Nor does she ever break a too delicate reticence to tell us whether Grissie and Ben, when they went to Boston, actually "sinned," or whether they simply went, like an engaging couple in another of this year's novels, to look at a belfry.

And yet Miss Brown builds so cleverly that it would take very little of a literary analyst to make one believe that the end was as inevitable as the beginning. Her characters are convincing, even though to one not so attached to New England they may seem somewhat foreign.

Throughout the book there are signs of an insight into human motives that is shrewd and illuminating. It is where her Puritan romanticism gets the better of this equally Puritan shrewdness that Miss Brown loses touch with life, and is as disappointing as she is elsewhere stimulating.

George Gibbs' new novel, "The Secret Witness," deals with events leading to the great war. An Austrian girl and an Englishman accidentally overhear a secret pact which threatens the peace of all Europe. They are discovered and flee and immediately the great secret service organizations of Austria and Germany are set on their trails.

## NATIONALITY NATURAL CONDITION OF PEOPLE

"The myth of nationality is a profound and necessary truth, as well grounded as any that governs human nature. It is blind and brutal and righteous. It moves to aggression, or lives peaceably at home. It builds big guns or is pastoral. It is merely the collective expression of human nature in the particular group which circumstance and natural liking have created. It was formed as much by chance as the family—accident, propinquity, commercial considerations. Once formed, it is as natural as the family. Tagore says that 'a new age is imminent, when the ideal of nationalism will be discarded.' But that nationality does, as a matter of fact, penetrate to deeper sources of instinctive life than other forms of association, such as religion and socialism, is proved by the alinements of the present war, where comrade fights comrade, and Catholic fights Catholic."—From Arthur Gleason's "Inside the British Isles."

The Century Company will publish during September the following books: "Ladies Must Live," by Alice Duer Miller; "Dormie One," by Holworthy Hall; "The Girl Next Door," by Augusta Seaman; "Wilderness Honey," by Frank L. Pollock; "Political Ideals," by Bertrand Russell; "Sid Says," by J. M. Siddall; "The Golden Eagle," by Allen French; "Camp Jolly," by Frances Little; "The Lost Little Lady," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe; "Boys' Book of Sports," by Grantland Rice; "The Adirondacks," by T. Morris Longstreth; "Heroes of Today" and "Heroines of Service," by Mary R. Parkman; "Piang, the Moro Boy," by Florence Partello Stuart; "Story Book of Science," by Jean Henri Fabre; "Under Boy Scout Colors," by Joseph Ames; "Calvary Alley," by Alice Hegan Rice; "Vagabonding Down the Andes," by Harry A. Frank, and "The Rebuilding of Europe," by David Jayne Hill.

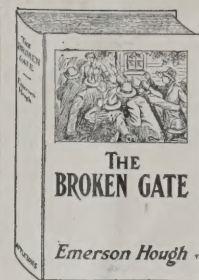
"In the World," by Maxim Gorky (The Century Company), is the second volume of this author's autobiography, the first being "My Childhood." It is intimate, fascinating, masterly.

Gorky tells his readers how he made his own way after he was kicked out of his home and told to shift for himself. He became a worker on a boat on the Volga; an assistant in an ikon shop; a clerk in a shoe store; but above all, a student of human nature. The book is so revealing that, at times, the reader fairly shrinks from continuing the narration. But its revelations will make friends for this Russian, who did not fail to suffer some regrettable indignities on the occasion of his visit to America.

The volume might well be put into the hands of those budding geniuses of these United States who believe that to be an artist one must have certain Latin Quarter failings. Gorky, in this story about himself, shows Gorky, the lad, as a splendid, ambitious, clear-sighted, normal boy with a passionate love for the good and the beautiful; in other words, with qualities that have brought him to the fore as one of the world's greatest figures. New York: The Century Company, \$2.00 net.

"Nothing on earth can look so broken hearted as a stranded boat that has lost all its men."—Amelia E. Barr in "Christine, a Fife Fisher Girl."

## THREE REAL NOVELS



"There is a sureness of touch about the books of Emerson Hough which makes it a pleasure to read them."—Chicago Tribune.

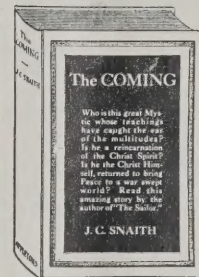
### THE BROKEN GATE

By Emerson Hough

Author of "The Magnificent Adventure."

Why is it that if a woman breaks conventions she is socially ostracized forever afterward while the man who breaks them with her is not? Around this idea Emerson Hough has written a tremendous story of a woman's brave fight to live down the past for the sake of her boy. And when he comes home from college and is allowed to meet his mother for the first time in his life a series of surprising incidents happen. Certain to be one of the great successes of the fall season.

Pictures by Leone Bracker. Cloth, \$1.50 net.



### THE COMING

By J. C. Snaith

Author of "The Sailor"

With the same amazing power that he put in "The Sailor" Mr. Snaith has written a novel dealing with the spiritual and ethical side of the European War. The central figure is a mystic. Some declare that he is the reincarnation of the Christ spirit; others are inclined to believe that he is the Christ Himself, returned to bring peace to a war-swept world.

Cloth, \$1.50 net.

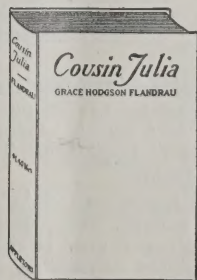
### COUSIN JULIA

By Grace Hodgson Flandrau

Cousin Julia is the wife of a rising Middle Western man and the mother of two attractive daughters. Her whole ambition is to make her life a social success and to arrange splendid marriages for her daughters. In a clever humorous story the author tells of Cousin Julia's dilemma when her daughters exhibit wills of their own.

Cloth \$1.40 net.

"Mrs. Flandrau has treated mid-Western life in a manner almost novel. The story is worth reading as a study of American life."—James L. Ford in the New York Herald.



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# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

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*My library was dukedom large enough.*—SHAKESPEARE.

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OCTOBER, 1917.

IN another column Mr. George W. Cronyn relates how the spell of the Indian and of Indian literature took hold on him and finally led him to compile the anthology of Indian poetry which is issued this month from the presses of Boni and Liveright under the fascinating title, "The Path on the Rainbow." The publication of this collection seems to us important and significant. It is a waymark pointing Americans back to their own soil for their inspiration. More, it happily reveals to us a brief series of classics which are, at once, native to our New World and, from the standpoint of art, as valuable as the ancient poetry of the Greeks and the Hebrews.

Mr. Cronyn has done us a great service in collecting the noble songs of the Pawnee, the Navajo, Iroquois and other tribes, from their burial place among the tomes of the Ethnological Bureau. They are literature, not historical data. Their proper place is not among scientific reports but with the other great poetry we cherish. These native songs are America's classic poetry—that is a point worth emphasizing.

BESIDES the ancient native songs, the volume contains interpretative poems by Constance Lindsay Skinner, Alice Corbin, associate editor of Poetry Magazine, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay and Frank Gordon. Mary Austin contributes interpretations and translations and a Foreword to the Native Songs. Of these writers, two have lived for a number of years in close proximity to American Indian life—Mrs. Austin and Dr. Gordon; while Miss Skinner was born at a fur-trading post in northern British Columbia and grew up among the native children of the wild.

THE translators of the original Indian songs in "The Path on the Rainbow" spent many years at their task, and presented their results to the American Ethnological Bureau. Mr. Cronyn has gathered some of these poems from the Bureau's files and is presenting them to us in their proper guise, viz., as literature, American literature. Here at last is one distinctively American work which we need not receive from foreign circles. But for Mr. Cronyn's timely act, who knows? In a few years a Russian poet might have unearthed our native classics and issued them in Petrograd, letting them return to us finally in translations!

THE American writer labors under limitations. Literature in this country is hampered. We have many men and women capable of producing art in literature, if they were given a free hand. But our authors are cribbed, cabined and confined, by what is expressed in the editorial utterance "What the public wants."

Right there lies the trouble with American literature. We have editors who set themselves up as the public, and demand that our literature be written to a certain custom-made pattern. The result is a "hand-me-down" literature. The same thing exists in the same way in the drama.

Being a comparatively happy nation in normal times, we demand happiness in our books. That, to a certain extent, is a healthy manifestation. When it goes to the extreme of demanding that our world be painted in rainbow colors, and everything that needs our mass attention for correction, be avoided, we are only fooling ourselves. That is exactly what our editors demand of our authors, and what is demanded, to some extent, in literature, by our public, though not to the extent editors would have authors believe. But the editor must be suited first if the author is to have work published.

Magazine editors are mostly at fault. This is because nearly all our books are "serialized" first, and then become books. Magazine editors want "pleasant" stories, or "happy endings." They will not print an unpleasant story, no matter how powerfully it may be written. They do not want "strong" stories. So our literature labors under an indirect censorship, and much of it is in consequence best described by the designation "piffle."

Most of the great world literature is unpleasant, and "strong." Most great stories have unhappy endings, including "The Scarlet Letter," "Jude the Obscure," or the works of Balzac, or Dickens, or Zola, or Poe. They nearly all deal with great human tragedies, and nearly all of them are openly what is so described by our editors—propaganda.

We do not have novels which search out our problems of national life as do some of the Russian novels, because if we had novels so strong or unpleasant submitted to editors, they would not be published. The author would be told that they would not sell, because they were "sordid and unpleasant." Fancy an American novel ending with the heroine hanging her children in a closet! If a novel were written, which led inevitably to such an ending, the American editor would demand that the hanging be changed to a wedding, and that the villain must decide to reform.

We are an evangelistic nation. Human error must never meet with consequences, unless it be some one with a very black heart, and that person must be killed in a railroad accident, or some other manner which is not "unpleasant," although the best way to dispose of an unregenerate character, according to our standards, would be to have him suddenly converted by an orphan girl, or a mountebank mouthing some new religion from the street corner.

The American editor and the American reader will not allow the American author to write books dealing frankly with life. We demand that such books have a foreign name on the title page, and then they may be published in thick trilogies. It is all right if the story is laid in Germany or France or Russia. Then the author may write at length about the thoughts and acts of any degenerate or maniac, and be hailed as a great artist. If it has to be translated, so much the better. Our "sex" stories are disguised as "uplift," and then we swallow the pill. But to be approved as art, any book dealing with life in an unpleasant manner, must be imported. We like to read of the problems of other peoples, but we balk at having our own problems in fiction.

Now and then we get an "Ethan Frome" or a "Red Badge of Courage," and wonder how it ever happened that they saw the light of type. The history of such manuscripts generally shows that publication came about after much discouragement for the authors. Some times they are born obscurely, like so many great men and things, and fight their ways to the top of our literary history by sheer power of art. And the public, so feared by editors, take such works to their hearts and treasure them, not for one fiction season, but for all the ages. They are rarely "best sellers" in the trade sense, but go on selling year after year, growing stronger with time. They reek with horror, and end with the tragic simplicity of life itself—they end when the ending comes, not when or where some editor would have them end.

Some one has said that we would have a great literature if only editors would publish what they do not like. There is much truth in this, for if you would write a great book, have it rejected by editors all over the country, and then give it away to have it printed. It is a good gamble that you have produced a work of art, for the best of our literature began life as dog-eared vagabonds of manuscripts.

THIS war has many ghastly phases. Not the least of them to this writer, is the carefree manner in which reporters use military terms. There is probably more ignorance about military nomenclature in newspaper offices in this country, than in any other country in the world. Some there are who are thankful for this, and maintain that if the free people of this country had been regimented and drilled for years, we would know more about military terms than we would wish. There may be something in that. Personally, we do not care to live constantly under the supervision of an adjutant who came back from the Philippines with tropical liver and a six-mule-power grouch. But we do wish that the writers of headlines (to which honorable fraternity we had the honor of belonging for several years) would learn something about the elements of how an army is put together and taken apart. Any kind of a soldier is now a "trooper"—only cavalymen are troopers. Field artillery organizations are called "companies" when they are batteries; sergeants are being "commissioned" sergeants every day, and captains and majors are "enlisting" all the time. When this war is over we hope a great many men will go back to newspaper work able to tell a bow-legged piccolo player in the band from a lance corporal of marines. If this means militarism, why let it come!



## "DOMINIE DEAN" IS SANE AND HEALTHY

When a Russian or a Frenchman writes a book, he very often takes for his main character a man who is half mad, or degenerate, and shows the man to us, sparing us nothing. In the last few years there have even risen up American authors who seem inclined to put out this unhealthy type of thing; and one writer in particular has given us a long, long story written around a young man with a sex obsession, who is not a subject for a novel but for a pathological treatise; not a "devil of a fellow," but a sick, sick man.

Yet who dares to say that the story of such a moral idiot is not "art"? The delineation of the perverted is always "art"—especially if the work is foreign! Said a dramatic critic—a woman—recently, "The actor who plays the part of a drug fiend, a drunkard, or a waster is always given credit for great ability. He is 'made' overnight. There are no standards by which the normal citizen can judge him; he has only to turn himself loose, and the public clamors, 'What an artist!'"

The same thing is true in the world of books and stories. The tale of a man whose criminal impulses mark him for medical care, gets lengthy reviews, and unstinted praise; the heroine who goes from one soul-sickening experience to another has the best chance of claiming pages of criticism.

What a contrast to the lurid type of literature is such a book as "Dominie Dean," by Ellis Parker Butler (Revell). And to get the real flavor of the story one should turn to it from some great masterpiece dealing intensively with, say, an epileptic. For Mr. Butler has actually taken for his hero a man without a single moral crook—a sane, gentle, quiet, healthy, God-fearing man (the kind of a person you would care to know: the kind of a friend to whom you could go in time of trouble) and made him appealing and intensely interesting.

"Dominie Dean" is characteristically American. It is a sort of "Spoon River Anthology," with each picture drawn in detail, but sans any claim for poetic quality. In writing his book, it cannot be said that Mr. Butler has produced a great work of art. The story has its defects, and not the least of these is that sad one in the middle of the book which gives away the conclusion. But in his selection of characters, and in his drawing of them, the author is happy and true.

The book has its purpose: To bring to the minds of all the necessity of caring for those ministers who have worn away their lives in the service of others and can work no longer. It is a brief for the "played-out" divine. "Church people" in particular should read it—and profit by its picture of pastoral poverty. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., \$1.35 net.

The officials of the Boy Scouts have endorsed Hermann Hagedorn's little book, "You Are the Hope of the World." Mr. Franklin K. Mathiews, director of the library department, in a letter to the publisher says:

"In 'You Are the Hope of the World' Hermann Hagedorn bids Young America to understand that the future of democracy is in their hands. With the fervor of a prophet he writes, and with so much of magic charm in his words, no boy or girl reading the book can be quite the same again; and, not a few will, looking back in the after years, name this little book as the first to set their hearts aflame with ambition to do something for their country."

## The Cambridge History

Putnam's have just published the first of the three volumes of the Cambridge History of American Literature, an undertaking similar in method to the Cambridge History of English Literature. The first volume, consisting of two divisions entitled "Colonial and Revolutionary Literature," and "Early National Literature, Part I," with the volumes to be issued subsequently, will furnish a history of the literature written in English in the United States from the first settlement to the end of the nineteenth century. The editors who have planned the work and assigned the chapters (these editors are Professors W. P. Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl Van Doren) have secured the services of contributors, American and Canadian, who in all cases write with special knowledge of the topic assigned.

American literature is here taken to include not only belles-lettres but such other fields of literary effort as history, biography, divinity, philosophy, oratory, public affairs, education, travels, erudition, journalism, and general science. While the effort has not been made to name every American author, great care has been observed in planning the work to omit no tendency or no type which the literature of the United States has exhibited. Equal emphasis is laid upon eminent figures and upon representative groups and movements.

The work will be exact and authoritative, but, though written by specialists, has been designed to meet the needs of the general reader. The text is to be supplemented by careful bibliographies for the use of the most advanced student.

Horace Annesley Vachell, the author of "Quinneys," and of the new novel, "Fish-pingle," which Doran announces for publication this week, is the eldest son of Richard Tanfield Vachell, late of Coptfold Hall, Essex. His mother was the daughter of Arthur Lyttleton Annesley, late of Arley Castle, Staffordshire. Mr. Vachell's wife is a California woman by birth, her father being C. H. Phillips of San Luis Obispo, Cal. Mr. Vachell received his education at Harrow and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. He became a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade when he was twenty-two years of age. Besides "Quinneys," Mr. Vachell is the author of "The Triumph of Tim," "Spragge's Canyon," "Searchlights," "Loot," "Blinds Down," "Jelf's," "John Verney," "The Other Side." Mr. Vachell knows America as well as he does England, having spent many years in this country, where he lived in the East as well as in the far West. He has written several plays which have been produced in America.

Geraldine Bonner's new story, "Treasure and Trouble Therewith," begins with the disappearance of \$12,000 while it is on its way to its owner via the Wells Fargo Express. Bandits hold up the stage, get away with the money and thereafter everyone who has anything to do with it gets deep into all sorts of trouble. The story is said to be founded upon the facts of a real robbery which took place in California when Miss Bonner was there on a visit.

Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, one of the authors of the "Health Survey of New Haven, Connecticut" recently published, has sailed for Russia as a member of a commission which is to investigate health conditions there.

## "LIFE, ART AND LETTERS"—INNESS

George Inness, Junior, says of his book, "Life, Art and Letters of George Inness": "What I would like to give you is George Inness as he was, as he talked, as he lived—not what I saw in him, not how I interpreted him, but *him*—and, having given you all I can remember of him, and what he said and did, I want you to form your own opinion." So the son of the greatest landscape painter America has known prefaces this biography. With simplicity and vividness he sets down his memories of his father, beginning with his earliest recollection, when "Pop" painted the washtub green.

The annals of the great are filled with the story of struggles against well-nigh insuperable handicaps of poverty. George Inness faced the far subtler and harder battle against bourgeois antagonism to "artists, play-actors and poets."



## Four Extraordinary New Books No Reader Should Miss

By the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

### CALVARY ALLEY

By Alice Hegan Rice

Introducing a new group of this author's whimsical, lovable, surprising fiction people. A story of laughter and tears about Nance Molloy and the world she lived in.

Illustrated. \$1.35.

By the author of "Come Out of the Kitchen!"

### LADIES MUST LIVE

By Alice Duer Miller

A sparkling, witty pirate story of high society life in New York, concerning chiefly two beautiful buccaneers and the man they were after.

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## WITH CONTEMPORARY POETS

By Marguerite Wilkinson

OUR smug, complacent attitude of mind toward anything foreign to our own experience is something which needs to be ruffled and disturbed by the sympathies of those who write and speak for us. And sympathy with those queer creatures, tramps and poets, is unusual and valuable. Far be it from me to discourage it. We need more amateur sympathizers. But although most of us are so unpractised in sympathy that we give it rarely and awkwardly, it does happen, once in a while, that sympathy is given where it is a little superfluous. And the writer, who, in a sense, is a professional sympathizer, is the person most likely to give it superfluously.

In reading a review of William H. Davies' "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," which review was written by Irwin Granich and printed in the current issue of *The Masses*, I find myself called upon to sympathize with that picturesque and adventurous English poet-tramp to an impossible extent. The review is a real strain upon the sympathies. And much as I like poets, and deeply as I believe in the charm of Mr. Davies' poetry, I would rather some of this superabundant sympathy were expended on the victims of the next strike, or the poor who will be hungry this winter.

Mr. Granich tells us that Mr. Davies tells his story "casually" and with "stoic forgiveness"—and "yet, though we do not hear a murmur of protest from his lips, the quiet story of his wanderings moves us, and our hearts glow with indignation as we read how this gentle man of dreams was despised of society." Then follows Mr. Granich's interesting account of what is told in Mr. Davies' most fascinating book, the which all of our readers should enjoy. Mr. Granich says of Davies, "he was merely a shy and humble boy moved by some secret restlessness, and he could not put his head in the yoke and enter a life of toil." Then he goes on to tell us what Mr. Davies did. "He spent months in jail for the proletarian crime of vagrancy, he was beaten up frequently, as is every tramp (note the universality of the experience!), he got drunk in all the big and small cities, he even had his leg cut off by a freight train while attempting to steal a ride. Wandering, wandering, wandering, starving for long intervals, then gorging to suffocation like a savage. . . . thrown in with brutalized companions whose whole souls were generally wrapped up in the endless business of getting a bed and a supper for the night. . . . I think there is nothing more pathetic than his statement that the one thought that tortured him most through these years of wandering was the wish for a little room and a cosy fire where he could have books and leisure to be creating. . . . There was only one alternative to the life of the tramp for Davies: a place in a sweatshop in the slums of London, where he would soon perish from the world of imagination and become a drudge. So he chose to continue in the life of the road, desperate though it was, and he saved his dreams."

Some of these statements do not seem to me to hang together. Mr. Davies must have been more than a "shy and humble boy"—"a gentle man of dreams"—he must have been a man in love with adventure. I think he must have loved adventure far more than he loved the ideal of the "cosy little room." He could have had the cosy little room on the same terms that other men must meet, on the terms of the grocer, the bricklayer, the farmer, the writer of reviews. And Davies had this advantage over many of them that he was a capitalist

to the extent of a few shillings a month left him in the form of an annuity. The terms of life are hard for most of us to meet, truly, but if a good mason should give up his job and take to the road and get drunk in all the big and small cities no one would call him a "shy and humble boy" and express sympathy with him because he could not have a cosy little room in which to sit and meditate on his bricklaying!

Nor does it seem to me to be true that, for Mr. Davies, the choice lay between the sweatshop and the open road, although that hard choice may be forced upon other men of our times. Mr. Davies was strong and he had a good mind. His wanderings took him far and wide across this country and Canada. He wandered for ten years. It seems probable that he passed by two or three opportunities to earn a small living and a cosy little room and some leisure. It seems to me that he did not really want such opportunities, that, like many a poet of days gone by, he loved the open highway as he loved life, and kept to it as long as youth and health permitted. And I can not read his book without feeling that he secretly glories in his adventures. If that be the case, why sympathize with him? Moreover, says Mr. Granich, "he saved his dreams"! If that be true, he needs sympathy less than many another man needs it, for those who save their dreams have greater joy in life than those who conquer cities.

JOHN MASEFIELD, although we have only been conversant with his work for the brief period of a decade, is now considered, by many critics and by many readers, the greatest of living poets of the English language. And although it is always rash to use superlatives—or, indeed, to make any comparisons of one with another that indicate the definite rank of contemporary poets, it is always possible to know surely that power, genius, is in the man who can thrill the people and, at the same time, win the praise of good critics. The sentimentalists who go gushingly into print with their rhymed ethics and unsound and genteelly versified optimism may hold their readers for a time because their appeal is purely human—not artistic in any sense—and answers the law of supply and demand. And the merely clever purveyors of artistic hors d'œuvres may sometimes fool the critics as the sentimentalists fool the people. But, if a man compel the respect of critics and people, then he has genius, of a kind, although it may sometimes be for his own generation rather more than for generations to come. John Masefield has won this double praise of readers and critics. His closeness to mankind, his oneness with the great popular consciousness, and his power in the use of words and rhythms have constituted a claim to greatness. Therefore we watch eagerly for his new books as they come.

In "Lollingdon Downs and Other Poems" (Macmillan), John Masefield's latest book of verse, he offers the public those wistful sonnets, gravid with spiritual meaning, that have thrilled with a new sense of beauty the readers of his earlier work. They are quiet, reflective poems, with not a little of suggested philosophy in them, the kind of poetry we should not have expected of the Masefield who came to us first with "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Everlasting Mercy," with "The Story of the Round House" and those other vividly emotional narratives of a human life as rank as weeds. Not even the marvelous conciseness of such a poem as "Cargoes" would have suggested the sonnets in "Lollingdon

Downs." And yet they are written as one would expect Masefield to write sonnets—with strength and real emotion and authentic beauty of phrasing. I quote one of them here:

### XIV.

You are too beautiful for mortal eyes,  
You the divine unapprehended soul;  
The red worm in the marrow of the wise  
Stirs as you pass, but never sees you whole.

Even as the watcher in the midnight tower  
Knows from a change in heaven an unseen star,  
So from your beauty, so from the summer flower,  
So from the light, one guesses what you are.

So in the darkness does the traveler come  
To some lit chink, through which he cannot see,  
More than a light, nor hear, more than a hum,  
Of the great hall where Kings in council be.  
So, in the grave, the red and mouthless worm  
Knows of the soul that held his body firm.

IN the September number of *The Madrigal*, Gustav Davidson's sprightly little magazine of love lyrics, is a short poem called "The Sylph" which I repeat here because Mr. Davidson believes it is the last poem written by Francis Ledwidge, the young peasant-poet of Ireland, who has recently met death in Flanders, fighting for the Allies. As may easily be guessed, Mr. Ledwidge was not in sympathy with the Sinn Féin movement, but, when the world crisis came, was loyal to the British Government. He was introduced to lovers of poetry in England and in this country only about two years ago, and was still quite young. His name should be linked with the name of Allan Seeger and Rupert Brooke—a trinity of young men who gave not only life, but song and all the promise of ripening genius—pro patria mori. Here is the little poem:

### THE SYLPH.

I saw you and I named a flower  
That lights with blue a woodland space;  
I named a bird of dawn's red hour  
And a hidden fairy place.

And then I saw you not, and knew  
Dead leaves were whirling down the mist,  
And something lost was crying thro'  
The purple and the amethyst.

IN times of peace and prosperity, when society maintains an equilibrium relatively stable, the innovations of artistic radicals receive something like a just measure of attention. But in times of war and times of stress radicalism does not flourish. It is for this reason, as much as for any other, that I mention Horace Holley's book of radical verse, "Divinations and Creations" (Kennerley). In it some very poor ideas are expressed in very poor poetry, but a few very good ideas are beautifully set before us, and for those let the reader look. This little poem with the adjectival title "Creative" is one which I like:

Renew the vision of delight  
By vigil, praise and prayer  
Till every sinew leaps in might  
And every sense is fair;  
Beyond the soul's most stagnant dread  
A full tide drives its foam  
Where life with golden sails outspread,  
Is one glad voyage home.



## EMERSON HOUGH'S LATEST NOVEL

In "The Broken Gate," an absorbing novel by Emerson Hough, the author has succeeded in doing what so few writers of his sex achieve. He has written the story of a woman as a woman might have written it. Aurora Lane, depicted, analyzed, with tenderness and keenness, is a woman such as women know. The book's chief claim to originality is in this, the central character, and the way in which the phases of Aurora's conflict and the stages of her development are set down for the reader.

It is a living, human story—one that grips; a strong piece of work, restrained, natural, always sincere. To outline the plot briefly, "The Broken Gate" (Appleton) is a story of broken social conventions, of a woman's determination to put the past behind her and to live above the criticism she meets everywhere, for the sake of her son. It opens with Aurora's meeting with her son, Don, who has been away to college and has, until only a few days before, believed himself to be an orphan. The problem, for Don, begins on the way home from the station when a villager insults his mother and the son knocks him down and is arrested. The narrow-minded townsfolk are all against him because he is fatherless, and presently charge him with the murder of a man whose body is found. The devotion of mother and son and the mother's fight to establish Don's innocence make the larger part of the story, leading up to the final chapter, which is a scene, of real power and emotion, between Aurora and the man who is Don's father.

In an earlier chapter the author introduces Aurora with this picture:

"As for Aurora, she had before this well won her fight of all these years. She was known as the town milliner, a woman honorable in her business transactions and prompt with all her bills. Socially she had no place. She was not invited to any home, any table. . . . Once Aurora Lane went to church and sat far back, unseen, but she did so no longer now, had not for many years, feeling that she dared not appear in the church which had not ratified her nup-

tial night! . . . But gradually, dumbly, doggedly, she had fought on; and she had won. Long since, Spring Valley had ceased openly to call up her story. She was the town milliner, a young woman under suspicion always, but no man could bring true word against her character. She had sinned once—no more. If she had known opportunity for other sins than her first, she held her peace. . . . She had worked on with but one purpose—to bring up her boy and to keep her boy in ignorance of his birth."

In the last scene, when her courage and nobility have overcome even the selfishness and the fears of the man who deserted her and he is ready to join hands with her at last, there are passages of dialogue that make one long to hear them spoken on the stage. The man says:

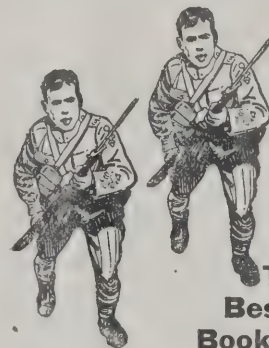
"I didn't have the courage to come through square, and that's the truth about it. I've never had, all along. Maybe a man doesn't have the same feeling that a woman does about a child—I don't know. But I was worse than the average man—more selfish. I got caught up in politics, in business. Success? Well, I saw how hard it is. I thought I had to keep down the past. . . . I can't see why you didn't tell, Aurie—what made you keep it all a secret?"

"I don't know," she answers. "It seemed somehow to me—*sacred*—what was between us! It was—Don! I was waiting, hoping you'd come—for your own sake. Why should I rob you of your chance? . . . Pity you, yes, I do. But love you? respect you?—is that what you mean? Oh, no! oh, no! Use for you in any way in the world? Oh, no! . . . I've no use for you. I don't need you now. My boy doesn't need you—we're able to stand alone. . . . God! If it wasn't right, why did He say: 'Suffer little children'? . . . It was more than an hour before she, too, rose, and, stepping toward the door, looked out again into the night. A red light showed here or there. Homes—the homes of our town."

## "RODIN, THE MAN AND HIS ART"

"Rodin, the Man and his Art; with leaves from his note-books," is an absorbing volume compiled by Judith Cladel. It is a book not only for the art student but also for every person who is interested in any phase of that thrilling interpretation and seasoner of life which is called art.

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A reviewer once wrote of Ernest Poole's first book, "The Harbor," that it was "by all odds the best American novel that has appeared in many a long day." The same comment may well be made concerning Mr. Poole's second book, "His Family," which is told with compelling power.

"His Family" is a New York story. The old Gale house down town is a little fragment of a past generation existing somehow beneath the towering apartments and office-buildings of the altering city. And the "family" is Roger Gale's—Edith, wrapped up in her little household, Deborah living in her larger family on the "East Side," and Laura living her own selfish quest for happiness.

In its understanding of women, "His Family" achieves a perfection that is uncanny. It is difficult to believe that any author of the sterner sex could so artfully delineate the characters of three such widely different women. And women readers will find the book a revelation. New York: The Macmillan Company, \$1.50.

Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, author of "Changes in the Food Supply and Their Relation to Nutrition," has been appointed a member of the Advisory Committee on Alimentation for the Food Administration.

"SUPERNATURALISM IN MODERN ENGLISH FICTION."  
By Dorothy Scarborough, Ph.D., instructor in English in Extension in Columbia University.

A fascinating chapter in the history of literature is the volume entitled "Supernaturalism in Modern English Fiction," by Dorothy Scarborough, Ph.D., Instructor in English in Extension, Columbia University. Miss Scarborough traces supernaturalism in fiction from the Gothic romance of the late eighteenth century to such recent stories impregnated with occultism as the works of Algernon Blackwood and "Dracula." While dealing principally with modern English fiction, Miss Scarborough makes much mention of the poetry and the drama, as well as the general literature of various European countries. Miss Scarborough's volume is brilliant and incisive, as entertaining in style as it is informing in substance. She has written a book that in these days when the occult is receiving so much serious attention, should appeal not only to those interested in literary history, but to all who have faith that there are forces about us, as yet imperfectly explored, it is true, that partake of the supernatural. While paying tribute to the convincing achievements in this division of fiction, the author has been quick to detect the literary charlatan and to expose his lack of sincerity with her keen comments.



### From "Calvary Alley"

"By and by a woman in spectacles took Nance into a small room across the hall, and told her to sit on the other side of the table and not to shuffle her feet. Nance explained about the mosquito bites, but the lady did not listen.

"What day is this?" asked the spectacled one.

"Friday," said Nance, surprised that she could furnish information to so wise a person.

"What day of the month?"

"Day before rent day."

"The corner of the lady's mouth twitched, and Nance glanced at her suspiciously.

"Can you repeat these numbers after me? Four, seven, nine, three, ten, six, fourteen."

"Nance was convinced now that the lady was crazy, but she rattled them off glibly.

"Very good! Now suppose you tell me what the following words mean: Charity?"

"Is it a organization?" asked Nance doubtfully.

"Justice?"

"I dunno that one."

"Do you know what God is?"

"Nance felt that she was doing badly. If her freedom depended on her passing this test, she knew the prison bars must be already closing on her. She no more knew what God is than you or I know, but the spectacled lady must be answered at any cost.

"God," she said laboriously, "God is what made us, and a cuss word."

("Calvary Alley," by Alice Hegan Rice).

### MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom like a bee

Doth suck his sweet:

Now with his wings he plays with me,

Now with his feet:

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,

His bed amidst my tender breast;

My kisses are his daily feast:

And yet he robs me of my rest.

Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he

With pretty flight

And makes a pillow of my knee

The livelong night.

Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;

He music plays, if so I sing:

He lends me every lovely thing:

Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting.

Whist, wanton, still ye?

(From an old edition of "As You Like It")

### "SABER AND SONG"

Under this title, William Thornton Whitsett, of Whitsett Institute, North Carolina, has issued an attractive and timely volume of poems. Mr. Whitsett is a member of the Poetry Society of America and of the Poetry Society of London, England. His new volume has called forth praise from Dr. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, who says "I am glad to express my admiration both for the fine poetic, idealistic, and religious spirit in the book and also for its excellent technique." Edith M. Thomas adds her word of enthusiasm also. The book is from the Norwood Press and is an example of attractive bookmaking.

### Japan as Seen by a Japanese

"Japan in World Politics," by K. K. Kawakami, just from the press, is, says Lindsay Russell, president of the Japanese Society, "indeed a timely publication. Relations between the United States, China and Japan have now an importance that too few people realize. There is a great problem to be worked out in the Pacific, and Mr. Kawakami throws needed light on these present day aspects.

"A forceful and fearless writer, Mr. Kawakami has," Mr. Russell continues, "through long residence in the United States, attained in a sense a dual mind, but a judicial one. He has stated the facts from which may be obtained an intelligent understanding of Japan's position in the Far East."

Mr. Kawakami begins with a discussion of the Japanese instinct of self-preservation, after which he takes up in turn the following significant topics: America's Issues with Japan; Is America Preparing Against Japan?; Land Hunger, the Background of the Immigration Question; Japanese Immigration to America; The Pacific Coast and the Japanese; The Expatriation of the Japanese; The Open Door in China; Japan and America in China; Japan's Blunders with China; America and Japan in Korea; Japan and the Philippines; Japanese Designs Upon Mexico; America and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; American and German-Japanese Relations; and America and the Russo-Japanese Entente.

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# WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AND THE YOUNG WRITER

In his new book, "A Son of the Middle Border," Hamlin Garland tells how, as a young man, he went to see William Dean Howells. The meeting, which proved to be the beginning of a long and intimate friendship, is described as follows:

"Deeply excited, with my note of introduction carefully stowed in my inside pocket, I took the train one summer afternoon bound for Lee's Hotel in Auburndale, where Mr. Howells was at this time living.

"I fervently hoped that the building would not be too magnificent for I felt very small and very poor on alighting at the station, and every rod of my advance sensibly decreased my self-esteem. Starting with faltering feet I came to the entrance of the grounds in a state of panic, and as I looked up the path toward the towering portico of the hotel, it seemed to me the palace of an emperor, and my resolution entirely left me. Actually I walked up the street for some distance before I was able to secure sufficient grip on myself to return and enter.

"It is entirely unwarranted and very presumptuous in me to be thus intruding on a great author's time," I admitted, but it was too late to retreat, and so I kept on. Entering the wide central hall I crept warily across its polished, hardwood floor to the desk where a highly ornate clerk presided. In a meek, husky voice I asked, 'Is Mr. Howells in?'

"He is, but he's at dinner," the despot on the other side of the counter coldly replied, and his tone implied that he didn't think the great author would relish being disturbed by an individual who didn't even know the proper time to call. However, I produced my letter of introduction and with some access of spirit requested His Highness to have it sent in.

"A colored porter soon returned, showed me to a reception room off the hall, and told me that Mr. Howells would be out in a few minutes. During these minutes I sat with eyes on the portieres and a frog in my throat. 'How will he receive me? How will he look? What shall I say to him?' I asked myself, and behold I hadn't an idea left!

"Suddenly the curtains parted and a short man with a large head stood framed in the opening. His face was impassive but his glance was one of the most piercing I had ever encountered. In the single instant before he smiled he discovered my character and my thought as though his eyes had been the lenses of some singular and powerful x-ray instrument. It was the glance of a novelist.

"Of course all this took but a moment's time. Then his face softened, became winning and his glance was gracious. 'I'm glad to see you,' he said, and his tone was cordial. 'Won't you be seated?'

"We took seats at the opposite ends of a long sofa, and Mr. Howells began at once to inquire concerning the work and the purpose of his visitor.

"Once set going I fear I went on like the political orator who doesn't know how to sit down. I don't think I did precisely quit, as I recall it. Howells stopped me with a compliment. 'You're doing a fine and valuable work,' he said, and I thought he meant it—and he did mean it. 'Each of us has had some perception of this movement, but no one has correlated it as you have done. I hope you will go on and finish and publish your essays.'

"These words uttered, perhaps, out of momentary conviction, brought the blood to my face and filled me with conscious satisfaction. Words of praise by this keen

thinker were like golden medals. I had good reason to know how discriminating he was in his use of adjectives for he was even then the undisputed leader in the naturalistic school of fiction and to gain even a moment's interview with him would have been a rich reward for a youth who had only just escaped from spreading manure on an Iowa farm. Emboldened by his gracious manner, I went on. I confessed that I, too, was determined to do a little at recording by way of fiction the manners and customs of my native West. 'I don't know that I can write a novel, but I intend to try,' I added.

"He was kind enough then to say that he would like to see some of my stories of Iowa. 'You have almost a clear field out there—no one but Howe seems to be tilling it.'

"How long he talked or how long I talked, I do not know, but at last (probably in self-defense), he suggested that we take a walk. We strolled about the garden a few minutes and each moment my spirits rose, for he treated me, not merely as an aspiring student, but as a fellow author in whom he could freely confide. At last, in his gentle way, he turned me toward my train."

## LITTLE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

By Margaret Widdemer

I WAS born near Philadelphia, in a pretty, sleepy little place called Doylestown, while my father was rector there. My grandmother, who was an invalid, wanted me, and had me, most of the time through my childhood. I never had playmates to speak of. I could read when I was four, and I did read—and very little else—all my childhood. I used to curl up on the haircloth sofa, or in a little nest I had in the lilac-bushes, with poetry or fairy tales or novels—after my lessons with my grandmother were done, and forget the world till I was called in to dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be. I was allowed free access to the large libraries of my father and grandfather, and my grandfather, who believed that it was impossible for a small girl to know too much, paid me to read the Encyclopedia Britannica, and long sets of English and French history. I was brought up in the manners and traditions of the generation before mine, and, as mine was a late-marrying family, that generation was the Civil War period. I learned my first music lesson from a little old piece of manuscript music that had been used to teach my great-grandmother on an old, harp-like piano with mother-of-pearl inlay that my grandmother had learned on!

It was always taken for granted that I should write. Indeed, I always did write—poetry first and most, and little stories, too. When I got to be a big girl I began to send out little child-poems, verses about daisies and lilac-playhouses, transcripts of the things I had known in my pleasant, solitary childhood. For a year I sold these to *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and then I grew bolder and began to write older poetry, poems of the social unrest, which was just then filling the air. It must have been out of the air I got them, for my life was an absolutely sheltered one. "The Factories," my first published poem not for children, beginning

"I have shut my little sister in from life and light

For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair"

was copied all over the country, and I found that by just that one poem people knew me and thought I was a real poet who had been writing for a long time—one woman who wrote me thought I was a middle-aged woman with a husband and children, and was very cross when she found I was only a young girl, who had not actually worked in factories! When I told her that the nearest I had ever been to them was to go by as a little girl, hold-

ing fast to my grandmother's hand, and being frightened and sorry for the people inside, where the noise was—my grandfather's parish was in a factory town—she was angrier still.

After this poem I went on having poems in the big magazines, and presently took a course in a library school. I wanted to get closer to people. I made a very bad librarian, what little I tried, because I would read and dream when I should have been making little black and red print-letters on piles and piles of catalogue cards—but presently I wrote a little book about the girls I had known in libraries—there was one gay, yellow-haired girl whom the children adored. They always asked for her as "The pretty one that laughs." I wove about her the happy things that I thought should have come to her. Before I was through a publisher asked me for a novel, and I sold him that. And it turned into a best seller—my dear little book that I had loved writing so!—"The Rose-Garden Husband." The poems have always come first, of course.

I have had one volume of poems, "Factories," published. Next year I shall have another volume of poetry out—"The Old Road to Paradise"—whose title is taken from an Easter poem of mine, concerning which a very lovely thing has happened. I gave a pile of copies of it to the Allies' Bazaar last year, and they were sent over to the trenches. It made me very glad and happy to feel that the men there had it, and from the letters they wrote back, loved it and were given comfort by it.

This year, however, I have written another novel, and I have tried to keep sadness and wartime out of it as much as I could. I have called it "The Wishing-Ring Man." It is a sequel to "The Rose-Garden Husband," and is as full of the happiness and laughter and fulfilment of desires as a book ought to be in this year when we have enough and more than enough of sad things to think about. It will be brought out in October, with a new edition of my "Factories" as a forerunner this June.

Now that this is done, I am going to turn to and write a book about the war activities of the Scouts and Camp-Fire Girls. It is the best thing I can do just now to help. It has to do with the gardening activities that are being arranged for them now, and I hope will be of service. I think this "back to the farm" movement is one of the best things that has come out of the war. We needed it, even if there had not been a war. I hope that after the fighting is over the young people of the country will go on with their farming. It will be the one thing most necessary. I am trying to tell them so.



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## E. TEMPLE THURSTON WRITES FAIRY STORY

*By Babette Deutsch*

"Enchantment" is a fairy story. That is, if you believe the author, E. Temple Thurston, who reiterates it parenthetically throughout the book. If he didn't label it in such large print the reader might think it wasn't a fairy story at all, but just a story, like any other, especially like the story recited by the proverbial fisherman. For from the heroine's birth (it takes six chapters) to her riding away with the young Lochinvar who comes out of the west, or out of Waterford, to be exact, it is as romantic and incredible and digressive as any fish story ever told.

Patricia Desmond is promised to the convent from the cradle if her hard-drinking father ever again loses his sobriety. But that gentleman thinks so little of his "bargain with God" that when, after sixteen desert years, he gets gloriously drunk, he tries to get the better of the Deity by encouraging Patricia to be married.

Pat, on her part, knows nothing of the oath her father took at her birth, but believes that she is destined to her "vocation" as a little nun. She is quite willing to follow it, and it seems to have no struggle in planning to renounce a world which she can nevertheless heartily enjoy. So she goes off, the morning after her last party, in a queer little carriage belonging to the good sisters, to begin her novitiate.

One is as little surprised to find that the handsome and innocent youth who desires her for his wife transfers her from this vehicle to his own high horse as to find herself attractive and him brave. It is a fairy story. Granted this license, the author might even persuade us that they lived happily ever after.

Unfortunately the recipe for charm in a book is not insistence on charm, either of fairy stories or of lovely girls. Most of us have sat spellbound under the magic of princes and robbers, princesses and swans, and have known a lovely girl's queer power to quicken our blood. We will grant it without the ado Mr. Thurston chooses to make.

Nor does lack of reality make a fairy story. Some of the most magical tales in the world are those that bear closest witness to life. The only person in "Enchantment" who appeals to one by virtue of her common humanity is not the heroine, nor her pretty, innocuous sisters, but the outrageously fat Mrs. Slattery, whose name might have come out of Dickens, and whose scornful humor might have come out of any good-natured Irish mouth.

In fact one rather wishes it were the story of Mrs. Slattery. But if it were, one fears that the author would make her lose her cheerful flesh, together with her middle-aged acquiescence, and reduce her to Patricia's status of the disenchanting ingénue. (Appleton.)

Putnams are publishing Florence Barclay's new novel, "The White Ladies of Worcester," a romance of the twelfth century: "The Safety Curtain and Other Stories," by Ethel M. Dell; "Maktoub," by Matthew Craig, and a volume of poetry, "The Far Away," by Guy Nearing.

Word has reached the many friends of Marion Hill, who wrote that delightful new story, "McAllister's Grove," of the writer's very serious illness. Mrs. Hill, who is one of the younger authors, makes her home in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

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